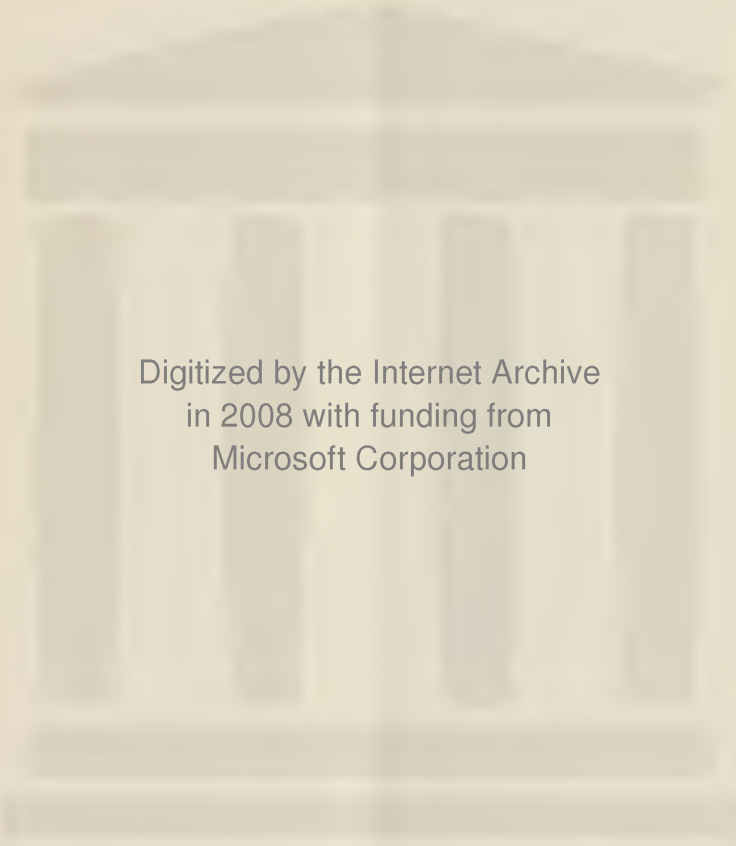
Secretary's Report
Class of 1866
Harvard College
1922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Roland Wells

Great-Grandson of George Batchelor

THE TWENTIETH

SECRETARY'S REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1866

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1922

BOSTON
Printed for the use of the Class
1922

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ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS

Samuel A. B. Abbott (Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy), or Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Rev. Dr. George Batchelor, 11 Traill Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Henry G. Blair, 1411 Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Albion Cate, 5435 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Dr. Lewis S. Dixon, 232 Clarendon Street, Boston.
Alexander D. Dunbar, 517 St. James Street, Peekskill, N. Y.
Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass.
Edward N. Fenno, 87 Milk Street, Boston.
George A. Flagg, 12 Ashburton Place, Boston.
David G. Haskins, Jr., 10 Tremont Street, Boston, or Bennett Road, Wayland, Mass.
William A. Hayes, 204 Sears Building, Boston.
Amos M. Leonard, 116 Waverly Avenue, Newton, Mass.
George L. Osgood, The Manor House, Petersham, Surrey, England.
James O. Parker.
Edward F. Peirce, 58 Cornhill, Boston.
Thomas S. Perry, 312 Marlborough Street, Boston, or Hancock, N. H.
Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 18th Street, Lowell, Mass.
Swithin C. Shortlidge, Media, Pa.
Francis R. Stoddard, 2 East 86th Street, New York City, or Plymouth, Mass.
Moorfield Storey, 53 State Street, Boston.
Charles E. Stratton, 70 State Street, Boston.
Melvin A. Underwood, 6 Longwood Terrace, Boston, 17.
Thomas W. Ward, Chestnut Street, near Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
George D. Welles, 5 Rue Général Langlois, Paris, France.
Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 12 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.
John D. Williams, 148 State Street, Boston.

John V. Apthorp, 88 Tremont St., Boston.
J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, or Milton, Mass.
William J. Ladd, Sears Building, Boston, or Milton, Mass.
Charles Ouellet, Hebertville, Lake St. John, Quebec.
Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., 41 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

70 State Street,
Boston, June 19, 1922.

Classmates:—

Here is your little Year Book. I know you will be pleased, as I am, with your general and hearty response to my circular. Please forgive all errors and imperfections in my work, which came at an unusually busy time, and kindly notify me of needed corrections.

Five good boys have left us the last year—Blake, Carpenter, Fiske, Gregg, and Murdock. *Requiescant in pace!*

I hope you will be pleased with our frontispiece—Batchelor's great-grandson—and also with Henry M. Rogers' (H. C., '62) verses, "The New Psalmist," which he has kindly given me permission to print for you.

If any one is so unfortunate as to have lost his "Class Album," will he please notify the Secretary, as I have still a few extra copies of the book.

Let me thank you most warmly for all your kind words of appreciation and affection. I was sorry not to be able to answer each and every one of your letters.

And now let me wish you one and all A Happy New Year!

Yours affectionately,

Charles E. Stratton,
Class Secretary.

The dinner was at the Somerset Club. The Secretary, in place of cocktails, distributed the '66 buttons among the Class. Gregg asked the blessing. The dinner was cheerful, nay, "merry, in spite of Mahomet's * law." The speeches were most informal. First, Thackeray's verses were recalled,—

> "Evenings we knew happy as this,
> Faces we miss, pleasant to see,
> Kind hearts and true, gentle and just,
> Peace to their dust," . . .

and we drank to Absent Friends. Storey spoke of these; Hayes of the superior character of the education we had at Harvard; Dunbar told us, among other things, how "Harvard '66" won him success with Secretary of War Bob Lincoln; Leonard recited the successful careers of many of his pupils, and recounted his numerous narrow and blood-curdling escapes from death or serious injury. We rejoiced in the narration, and wondered and admired that his hair, instead of turning white as it should have done, still retains its youthful color. Emerson in his reminiscences entertained us with a story of the ingenious and cruel attempts of John Curtis, in our happy Sophomore days, to mar and, if possible, crush Bangs and Dixon's duets on the flute. We drank the healths of the sons of the Class, particularly Richard Storey and Edwin Farnham, who gave us practical evidence of their filial regard. Haskins responded for his and the other sons. Gregg spoke. Flagg told an excellent story, while Stoddard, in addition to amusing anecdotes, spoke eloquently of Plymouth, and extended its hospitalities to us on the approaching Tercentenary Celebration. We adjourned to meet at the Union Club at 10 next morning, whence we motored pleasantly through the Back Bay by the Medical School and its interesting surroundings back to Charles River and its esplanade, over the old, but now new, bridge, and then by the Institute of Technology along the River to William Hayes', where his sister and he gave us their unfailing and delightful welcome. The lunch table, as last night's dinner table, was adorned with the '66

*For "Mahomet" read Volstead his.

bowl, which made its annual pilgrimage from the Class Secretary's sideboard. After a cheerful hour or so at Havenhurst, the Class motored to the Yard, where the Class of '71 entertained at Phillips Brooks House, and here endeth the Secretary's account of our Quinquaginta-Quinquennial. He will only add that Commencement Day was hot and humid, in short, a *wilter*, and it is a consolation to have our belief in the tough fibre of our Class strengthened by the fact that, in spite of the exhausting weather of the day, that at its close we could say with our great Webster, "We still live."

There were present at the dinner:

Blake	Fenno	Leonard	Underwood
Dixon	Flagg	Peirce	Ward
Dunbar	Gregg	Stoddard	Wheeler
Emerson	Haskins	Storey	Williams
	Hayes	Stratton	

They were all at Cambridge the next day, excepting Gregg and Ward, whose places were supplied by Batchelor and Fiske.

ABBOTT writes: "I hoped to be with you this year on Commencement Day, but the sailing of the *Arabic* was postponed from the 6th to the 19th of June. So instead of being with you and 'pouring down' Coehitŭate, I shall have to drink your health on the ocean in good ship's liquors.

"You ask me to write something to put in the Class Book to 'cheer the boys up.' I wish I could help you, but I have nothing very cheerful to say about myself or about Rome. Besides, for 'cheering the boys up,' what could I add to the cheer of those who have restored to them our beloved Rhadamanthine Colonel, 'second,' as you say, 'to none.'

"But there is really nothing for me to say. One year here is so like another that there is nothing to add to what has been said before except that my hair is whiter—and regretably less abundant. I am less active on my legs. I think kindlier of the world and grow fonder of my friends and classmates. That is about all the story."

BATCHELOR writes: "In the past year there have been neither births nor deaths in my family. December 25th all of them, twenty in number, dined with my daughter, Mrs. Nash, in Cambridge.

"My son, Chauney Cushing, is a lecturer on English Literature at the State University, Madison, Wisconsin.

"With the passing of Dr. Gregg, the class chaplain remains the sole surviving minister in the class. The duties of the class chaplain are first of all to say grace at the class dinner, and then to act as father confessor to the classmates who need counsel or consolation. Some of his experiences are pleasant and some sorrowful. These are the secrets of the confessional and cannot go into the archives of the class. But their nature being disclosed to the Secretary led him to say that 'the choice of the chaplain was no mistake.'

"At the age of 85 my physical activities are much reduced, but my pen still serves me. The boys and girls whom I trained fifty years ago have come to me to marry them and also to marry their children. From them and from others whom I have met in the

journey of life I get messages from all parts of the western world, *e.g.*, from Australia, Peru, Hawaii, California, Vermont and Wales. To the joys of friendship and the gratitude of the persons he has served your chaplain owes his longevity."

*WILLIAM PAYNE BLAKE, the son of Edward Blake and Mary Morton (Dehon) Blake, was born on the 23rd of July, 1846, in Dorchester, Mass. He was prepared for College at E. S. Dixwell's School in Boston, and later at the Boston Public Latin School, whence he entered Harvard as a Freshman in 1862. In College he was faithful in his studies and in all other duties, and graduated No. 5 on the Rank List, with membership in the Phi Beta Kappa and a part at Commencement. He gave much time to music, and was a devoted member of the Pierian Sodality. After graduation he attended the Harvard Law School, which he left with the degree of LL.B. in 1868. After a year in a lawyer's office, he was admitted to the bar at Boston in September, 1869, and at once entered in the practice of the law there with his father, the late Edward Blake, H. C. 1824, under the firm name of E. & W. P. Blake. After the death of his father, in 1873, he carried on practice alone in Boston for the rest of his life, being particularly engaged in the management of trust properties and estates. He was for many years Treasurer of the Home for Aged Women, and Treasurer of the Trustees of Donations to the Episcopal Church. His interest in and love for music were deep and abiding, and contributed much to the happiness of his life. He was a Trustee of the Conservatory of Music. He was fond of the bicycle and continued to ride it long after it had ceased to be fashionable or popular. He was an accomplished and enthusiastic swimmer. He enjoyed much his membership in the Tavern and in the Somerset Clubs.

Ill health caused his retirement from his profession and from his home a few years ago, but rest and intelligent care restored him and gave him several more happy years. After a pleasant trip to Europe last summer he was seized with a weakness of the heart while swimming in the surf at Nantasket. The trouble soon passed away, but only to return late in the following winter. He died suddenly at his home in Boston, March 6th, 1922. He was an ever loyal member of the Episcopal Church and a ves-

tryman of Trinity, and here gathered the friends of this faithful, courteous, kindly gentleman to pay their last tribute of respect and affection.

The Secretary prepared the foregoing for the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. For us who knew and loved him, what more is there to be said? It will always be a pleasure to his friends to look back on those last happy years which succeeded his despondency. Everything was rose-colored and beautiful and every one was good and charming. He never meaningly said or did an unkind thing of or to any one. He loved his neighbor, which word for him had a very wide meaning, and he was always seeking opportunities of helping him.

How he and we enjoyed his singing his Sophomore Class Supper Ode at our Commencement Dinner last summer. He is singing with the angels now.

*JAMES EMERSON CARPENTER, the son of Almon S. and Adeline Jane (Lane) Carpenter, was born at Buffalo, N. Y., November 7, 1843, and died in New York City, October 25, 1921. He fitted for College in public and private schools in Buffalo and entered Harvard with us as a Freshman in 1862. He left College about the end of the Sophomore year. He received the degree of A.B. from Harvard in 1893. After leaving College he studied law at Buffalo and was admitted to the Bar there in May, 1868. He began the practice of his profession in New York City, where he met with marked success. He was for a long time partner with Joseph F. Mosher, after whose death he formed a partnership with Samuel Park, under the firm name of Carpenter & Park. In his last years he was associated as consulting counsel with Messrs. Barry, Wainwright, Thacher & Symmers.

He was long one of the leaders of the Admiralty Bar, and in 1900, with the late Hon. Joseph H. Choate and Robert D. Benedict, was a delegate to the International Maritime Conference at Paris, France. He was an early and a loyal member of the Harvard Club of New York City. He was also a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, the American Bar Association, the New York State Bar Association, and the Maritime Law Association of the United States.

He was a devoted member of the Class of '66, an unfailing

and most welcome attendant at all our Class reunions, which he cheered by his genial presence and his musical voice. He was the only one who knew all the verses of "Fair Harvard." We shall miss our old friend sadly this Commencement.

On October 31, 1894, he was married, in New York City, to Emmie Louise Smith, only daughter of George H. and Emeline C. Smith, who survives him. The marriage was a very happy one.

Mrs. Carpenter writes to the Secretary:

"Next to his home and his Class of Harvard he found his greatest happiness in helping young men, particularly young lawyers who were starting in life with his counsel and influence.

"It was a terrible disappointment to my dear husband that he could not go on to the Class Reunion, nor till the very last did he give up the idea. He did not suffer much pain during the two years of his ill health. It was weakness, nervousness and loss of sleep due to heart disease. The end was beautiful. He went to sleep like a tired child. He was never bedridden, but sat in his armchair up to the very last day, and retained his wonderful mental powers and his beautiful disposition to the last. I have nothing but beautiful memories of our life of twenty-seven years."

His body was laid to rest at Forest Lawn Cemetery in his native town.

CATE writes: "Thanks for the graeious invitations of '66 and '72 to the Commencement festivities of the 22nd of June.

"I should like to participate and regret my inability. I am just loafing and reading in Spanish and French novels. 'The rapture of the forward view is somewhat dulled. Hope that you will have the time of your lives, Commencement. Best wishes to all."

DIXON writes: "In answer to your request for a line or two about myself I have very little of interest to report to my classmates. I begin, however, to realize that I am sliding down stream in their company and this spring for the first time in many years, ran on to a shoal and had to stay at home for a couple of weeks. I am now quite well again and hope to greet you and all the rest of us at Hayes' on the 22nd of June."

DUNBAR writes: "I wrote you in December of the death of my wife, after nearly fifty years of most harmonious companionship. Naturally, I have felt the shock very keenly, both mentally and physically, but my health now is fairly good and I am trying to regain somewhat of my former outlook on life.

"If nothing untoward happens, I shall be with you in June, but whether present or absent, my love for them is abiding and my heartiest greetings are sent to all the boys of '66."

EMERSON writes: "I look forward gladly to greeting those of our classmates who mean to gather at the hospitable home of Hayes and his sister.

"As I hope to report in person, I will only say now that my wife and I are well, and, two months since, had a happy voyage to the Caribbean Sea and the islands therein scattered, also the wonderful Canal and the Isthmus, with our son, Raymond, and his wife. He is the only one left of our children, but has four good ones of his own to carry on the name. Having served in the army on the Mexican border and also abroad, he, living in Concord, takes good care of his parents. I have grown old rather suddenly in the last two years but with little discomfort, but am quite willing that my curtain should fall.

"Meantime I send cordial greetings to all of our classmates who remain."

FENNO writes: "In response to your circular of May 2nd I have very little to say for myself except that ever since last June I have been looking forward to the reunion of our class at the hospitable home of that valiant warrior, Colonel Billie Hayes, and, unless something very unforeseen prevents, I shall certainly be on deck to get my share of your smiles and the Fish-house Punch.

"During the past year, in the words of the good old Longfellow, 'My life has flowed on like the river that waters the woodland, bordered by shadows of earth but reflecting the image of Heaven.' Nothing of importance has happened to me except possibly the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of my wedding, the date being February 22nd, upon which date I was made quite happy by the congratulations of large numbers of

my friends and classmates. My bride and I took a wedding journey to Nassau in the Bahama Islands and had a very delightful trip, fortunately sailing from Nassau two days before the fine hotel where we had been staying was burned to the ground.

"I am impatiently waiting now for June 22nd to occur, when I can grasp the hands and look into the faces of the members of the good old Class of '66."

*AMOS KIDDER FISKE was born in Whitefield, New Hampshire, May 12th, 1842, and died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., September 18th, 1921. When he was twelve years old he worked in a cotton mill at Peterboro, N. H., and later was fitted for College in the Academy at New Ipswich, N. H. The Principal of the Academy made him janitor and allowed him to pay for his tuition by tending the furnace and sweeping the floors. All this he told me when he visited me in Cambridge last year. He entered the Class of '66 without conditions and lacked only a few marks to make him at graduation the first scholar in the class.

From '66 to '69 the world was his oyster, and the question was how he should open it. For a year he taught private pupils in New York and studied literature. The second year he wrote "pot boilers" of all kinds and studied law. He was admitted to the bar in New York in 1868. But in 1869 he writes: "I left this useful vocation for the more (to me) attractive one of journalism." He then had editorial relations with the *New York Times,* the *World* and the *Evening Mail,* but was contributing articles to encyclopedias and many other publications.

October 27th, 1870, in Cambridge, Mass., he married Caroline, the daughter of Joseph and Mary James Child and, what is of more interest to us, a near relative of our beloved Professor F. J. Child. He then left the *Evening Mail* and took a similar position on the *Boston Globe.*

In Cambridge three children were born, a son and two daughters.

In '78 he returned to New York and was on the Editorial Staff of the *New York Times.*

For the next five years he was working in New York to pay the expenses of his son in Harvard College and his daughters, one of whom had entered the Annex—now known as Radcliffe College. His oldest daughter graduated with a *Summa cum laude.*

For the next five years, most of the time he lived in New York, doing much editorial work and writing books, *i.e.*, "The Myths of Israel," "The Story of the Philippines," "The West Indies," "The Modern Bank," "Midnight Talks at the Club," "Beyond the Bourne," "The Great Epic of Israel." He was now writing steadily for the *New York Journal of Commerce.* It is notable that the *Boston Transcript,* in its "Spirit of the Press," always quoted something of Fiske's writing.

His wife died December 12th, 1915.

In 1920 he wrote: "I have thrown off the burden that made my brain tired and I have come to pass the rest of my days in ease and comfort with my two daughters."

But it was too late. The tired brain did not recover its elasticity—and when he came to Colonel Hayes' reception last June it was evident that his work was done. Soon after that he took to his bed, and on Sunday morning, the 18th of September, he passed quietly away. He always claimed that '66 was the best class that ever entered Harvard College and we were always proud of Fiske. We admired his genial nature and we were proud of his scholarship and his high place in the literary world. G. B.

HERE IS FISKE'S "LIFE," WRITTEN BY HIM FOR THE CLASS BOOK AT GRADUATION

"I was born May 12th, 1842, in the little town of Whitefield, on the bleak hills of Coos County, New Hampshire, where the sun in winter looked over the shoulder of Mt. Washington. The White Mountains form a semicircle to the southeast a very few miles distant. My father was Henry Fiske, an honest farmer of that place, who in his youth had great ambition for learning and was haunted through after life with a 'call to preach,' which call he stubbornly refused to listen to, to which fact he always attributed a remarkable lack of prosperity which

attended him through life. He died in that town, borne down with sorrow and disappointment, April 5, 1858. Mother, before marriage, was Lucinda Keyes. She too was a victim of disappointment, her first love having been killed (as was supposed) by the Indians, and her subsequent marriage being almost against her will, that is, from urgent and long-continued persuasions. She led a sad life and died February, 1848.

"I know nothing of my ancestors beyond my grandfather. But the dim light of tradition which has reached my eyes shows a genuine Anglo-Saxon stock for my father's side and derives my mother from a settlement of Scotch-Irish in Southern New Hampshire.

"On entering this mundane sphere, I was equally surprised and indignant at finding my lot cast on a farm, where I was forced to pick up potatoes and perform various other useful duties as soon as I was able to step over a plowed furrow. I began to go to school at one of those famous institutions painted red, at the meeting of cross roads in particularly exposed and uncomfortable positions, at the early age of three years. I was very shy, and particularly afraid of the 'big boys,' whom I regarded very much in the light of the 'bad men' of the stories with which my granddame used to regale my insatiable ears. I do not remember of studying at all before I was a dozen years old, but I do remember of taking great delight in listening to the recitations of the upper classes, and of being always at the head of my own, and particularly of spelling down everybody at all the spelling schools when I was six years old. At seven years of age I went with my parents, father and stepmother, to live in another part of the town at a sawmill in the midst of mighty pine woods, where my time was divided between packing shingles in the mill and roaming down the river into the great woods, which last was my delight, and there day and night I had lonely enjoyment whose equal I can hardly expect again. My two years of life in that forest by the old sawmill is like a fairy dream in memory, full of romance without a taint of common life—except perhaps the loss of the end of a finger in the machinery. Thence my father removed to Peterboro, N. H., where I worked in the factory at nine years of age, a slender, pale, and pen-

sive 'bobbin boy.' One term of school in a year was my sole respite from the factory for three years. The latter part of this period I got wild and unruly. No home, for I had a step-mother of the proverbial stamp, and I sought the streets and all those bad influences which flourish in a factory village, and at twelve was honored with a paragraph in the village newspaper on my downward-tending career, and probable disastrous destiny. My father saw no way of reclaiming me but removing to the old farm in Whitefield, and accordingly we went back to our old steady neighbors on the bleak hills of the Northland, whither I carried consternation by introducing the hitherto unknown vices of cigar smoking, card playing, and betting who could drink most cider, etc. Three years' work on the farm, with two short terms of school in the whole time, rather sobered me, though I entertained frequent designs of running away. Yet, I made pretty good progress considering my opportunities, and delighted to read every book which fell in my way, good, bad and indifferent, but they were 'few of any sort.' Before I was sixteen my father died, and I started off without parent or guardian, or property to the amount of a single dollar, or clothes beyond those which I wore, to try the fortunes of this great world. The first summer I worked for my uncle in a hotel at Lancaster, N. H. I liked being at the hotel but hated the work, and escaped it when I could, giving general dissatisfaction for my neglect and waywardness, and yet apparently having the good will of every person in the house. I took cigars for my own use and my friends' without leave, and frequented the streets and restaurants on the same conditions, wrote love sonnets to the chambermaid and was regarded by my uncle as a hopeless case. In the fall I went to the academy which stood opposite the court house, and during the court I was in constant attendance at the trials. In fact, during the whole term I doubt if I studied to the amount of a single day on the lessons set for my classes. The only thing I took real delight in at this school was a dramatic part in a public exhibition, when I got great glory.

"I left Lancaster for Peterboro with the intention of making money enough for my outfit for a sea voyage and then to take leave of life on the shore, where I certainly could not seem to

find my element. At the factory my good genius visited me in the shape of the strangest being I ever saw or read about, a poet, philosopher, and scholar; ambitious and proud, melancholy and eccentric, he seemed sent on purpose to set me on my proper path, awake my love of books and ambition for learning and literary distinction, for he has since died without beginning one of the splendid projects of which his strange head used to be full. From him I took the impulse so easy for me, if only once started, in the right direction. Books, books, and future greatness. I laid up a hundred dollars and left the factory for New Ipswich Appleton Academy, almost eighteen years old, with no regular foundation for my education, no friends, no recommendations, nothing but a roused and unconquerable determination. I began at the beginning, taking up English Grammar and Arithmetic. Stood second scholar first term, first scholar ever after while I remained. In two years and a half I got two years at the Academy, one term of teaching a district school, and one summer in a woolen mill at Dover, N. H. While at school, I built the fires, sawed wood, rung the bell, took care of the Academy building, took care of the Principal's cow and horse, and even worked a washing-machine on Monday for his wife. Mr. Quimby, the Principal, now Professor of Mathematics at Dartmouth, encouraged and assisted me in every way in his power, and, during the last year, gave me the position of classical assistant in his school, in which I spent five hours a day besides pursuing my own studies. At length, with fifty dollars of borrowed money, I came to Old Harvard, where I have had the easiest time I ever had. Such liberal aid has been given that not only have I had no hardships, but have lived liberally and without a rational desire ungratified. It has been a principle with me not to confine myself to books; and the theatres, lectures, and other public opportunities of the city have been schools to me whose lessons I value hardly less than those of college itself.

"My career in college it is needless for me to relate; all that it is necessary or desirable to preserve of it may be got from other sources than this.

"My plans in life may fail, in which case I do not wish to have them known; if they succeed, there is no need here and now to disclose them."

Amos Kidder Fiske.

*JAMES BARTLETT GREGG, the son of James Bartlett and Mary (Baily) Gregg, was born at Medford, Mass., April 15th, 1866. He was of Scottish descent. His ancestor, Captain James Gregg, was born in Ayrshire, but was taken as a child by his parents to the north of Ireland. He sailed for America in 1718 and took up his residence at Cape Elizabeth, in the District of Maine. He was appointed Captain of the first militia company that was raised. From him was descended the Colonel Gregg who coöperated with Stark at the Battle of Bennington, and also the General Gregg who acquired something of a reputation as a cavalry commander in the Army of the Potomac during the late war. Another lineal descendant led a division of South Carolina troops on the Confederate side, and still another, a leading Southern divine, sent up most fervent prayers for Jefferson Davis and his short-lived empire.

Our Classmate was fitted for College at the Medford public schools and later at Phillips Academy, Andover.

After graduation he taught school for a few years, and in 1871 entered the Theological School at Andover, Mass., whence he was graduated in 1874. In October of that year he was ordained minister over the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church at Hartford, Conn., where he remained until April, 1882, when he was called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Colorado Springs, Col., and here he remained twenty-seven years. During this period he was on the Board of Directors of the Chicago Theological Seminary and Board of Visitors of El Paso County, a member and Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Colorado College, and a lecturer on Old Testament Ethics at Colorado College. He was President of the Rocky Mountain Harvard Club and also of the Winter Night Club, and a member of the Caledonian Club of Colorado, before which he delivered an address on Robert Burns.

He received the degree of S.T.D. from Colorado College in 1893 and from Harvard in 1908.

At the time he said good-by to Colorado Springs he wrote the Secretary: "My seven children having successively come back to Eastern Massachusetts, and seeming likely to settle in this part of the country, and having had one year's experience of

living 2,000 miles away from them all, we decided to give up our parish in Colorado Springs and get back among the children. So I gave up my work there in June, 1909. Being, however, in vigorous health, while not taking any permanent pastorate, I have had only two disengaged Sundays during the two years and have enjoyed keeping busy and being near my children and six grandchildren very much. Appropriating Dr. Holmes's jest on the occasion of his son Judge Holmes's elevation to the Massachusetts Supreme Bench—when the new *Lampoon* building was finished, I laid claim to being invited to the dinner on the ground that I was the only living man who had ever spanked three editors of the *Lampoon*. I expect to spend the rest of my days in or near Boston. I'm mighty glad to get back to her after almost forty years' absence."

In 1920 he wrote: "I am gratefully finding that the septuagenarian period of my life has felicities untasted till now. To a much larger extent than ever before my time is my own, to do what I will, when I will, without feeling myself guilty for being regarded as derelict to public duty. I can read a good many books which I have long wanted to read, but couldn't find time for, and I can re-read books which yield again much or more of the pleasure they originally gave. My own life's scope is vastly extended in the mature lives of my seven children. I believe I am privileged in having more living children than any other man in our Class. They are all well and strong and busy in trying hard to make the world a brighter and better place to live in. My four boys are all graduates of Harvard; one daughter, a graduate of Radcliffe; one of my eleven grandchildren a Harvard Sophomore, so I have been kept in perennial personal touch with Alma Mater. My youngest son and my two younger girls during the War were rendering service in France. I live now mainly in what my children are doing for the world's welfare, and life grows larger and brighter as it draws to the end. Not the least of life's satisfactions is what the Class of '66 has done in the welfare of the world."

He was with us at our 55th Anniversary Dinner, asked the Grace and later made us a little speech, which we enjoyed. We noted, however, with deep regret, some indications of decaying

health and strength. He was taken suddenly ill May 7th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Bemis, at Brookline, and died the same day.

Miss Gregg wrote the Secretary: "My mother wants me to thank you and the Class of '66—father's beloved Class—for the lovely wreath of red roses sent to his funeral. It touched and pleased us all beyond words. Father's love and loyalty to his College and his Class came next to his family and his church. He always noted every item regarding a classmate, rejoicing and grieving with and for them all. He was looking forward to Commencement this year with peculiar pleasure, inasmuch as his eldest son was to celebrate a 25th anniversary, one a 20th, and one a 15th, the youngest his 11th, and his eldest grandson is to be graduated. But for them all his feeling for the College will be a lasting inspiration."

Gregg was married, December 3, 1874, at Cambridge, Mass., to Mary Needham, daughter of Edgar and Sarah Smith Needham, of Louisville, Ky., who survives him with seven children—Rev. James E. Gregg of Hampton, Va., Mrs. Bemis, Dr. Donald Gregg of Wellesley, Miss Marjorie Gregg of South Tamworth, N. H., Richard B. Gregg and Dr. Alan Gregg, both of Brookline.

HASKINS writes: "I hope to be present on Commencement Day as usual, and to greet the members of the class and our beloved secretary. The only thing I have to tell you about myself is that I am intending to sail from New York July 5, with Mrs. Haskins and the boy, for a two months' trip to the Mediterranean, taking in Athens, Constantinople, Egypt, and the Holy Land."

HAYES, as usual, vouchsafes the Secretary nothing. However, he will not be so reticent Commencement Day. Meanwhile let the *Boston Post* of February 22nd speak for him:

"A Deserved Reappointment

"Justice Morton, of the federal court, will have the thanks of all who like a fair and impartial administration of the law for his reappointment of William A. Hayes as United States Commissioner for another term of four years.

"Commissioner Hayes has, in his handling of cases alleging the violation of the Volstead act, shown rare judgment and a constant respect for the Constitution of the United States. He has not believed that the 18th Amendment put out of business all of the others, especially including the fourth, which has a few things to say about the right of a man against illegal search and seizure. He has made prohibition agents show complete legality in their acts, or their suspects and prisoners have been freed. On the other hand, he has held the presumably guilty for trial when they have been constitutionally apprehended. He has played no favorites.

"Long may this wise and fearless official continue to adorn the court in which he dispenses even justice."

LEONARD writes: "I have nothing interesting or important to write. I have had my usual good health during the past year. I was living in Boston from last September till I came to this beautiful city of Buffalo on a visit a week ago.

"On request I prepared and read a paper at the December meeting of the Bostonian Society, giving a brief history of the Lawrence School, South Boston. I am having it reprinted from the Annual Proceedings of the Society, and I shall be pleased to send a copy to any classmate who may care to have one."

*LEWIS CHAMPLIN MURDOCK, the son of Uriel Atwood and Maria Louisa (Lewis) Murdock, was born in New York, January 16th, 1845. His great-great-grandfather on his mother's side was Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. One of his sons was Governor of New York. Murdock was descended from John Murdock, who came to this country from Scotland in the 17th century and settled in Plymouth, Mass. Our classmate's father was born in Carver, Mass., in 1810, and came to New York in 1830, where for some years he was President of the Continental National Bank. Murdock began to fit for College in September, 1860, under a private tutor, and entered College the next year, at the age of sixteen. In his Freshman year he was obliged to leave College from an attack of weakness of the eyes, and on returning in the Sophomore year he was again taken sick, which necessitated his leaving College for a year and later entering our Class.

After graduation he was in business in New York City for a few years, and thereafter continued to live in New York in winter and Southampton, Long Island, in summer. He died in a New York hospital, July 8th, 1922, from pneumonia, following an operation.

December 29, 1880, at Southampton, he was married to Mary Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Andrew and Mary Shiland, who survives him with one son, Uriel Atwood, H. C., 1904, and three grandchildren.

Murdock was proud of Harvard and fond of his Class. In his last letter to the Secretary, written just before Commencement last year, he said: "I hope *very, very* much to come to the Class Dinner."

He had a wide circle of friends, all of whom were devoted to him. One wrote after his death: "I never knew a man so loved by his fellow men, and he had the reputation of never saying ill of any one." Another: "He was one of the most lovable characters I have ever known, and always so full of fun. I shall miss his cheerful badinage, his unfailing good nature, his congenial companionship. He was a Prince of Good Fellows. It saddens me to think he is gone."

OSGOOD writes: "The year that has passed since I wrote for your ever welcome Class Report may be summed up in three words—'The same continued.' Lowell is finishing his second year at Oxford and Hamilton his second at Westminster School, London. Our garden is a delight and now full of promise in flowers, fruits and vegetables. Our lines have fallen in a charming neighborhood, the only criticism I have to make being their rash selection of this member of the Class of '66 as President of The Petersham Horticultural Society for the coming year.

"Affectionate greetings to you, one and all."

PEIRCE writes: "I will be at Union Club on June 22; also hope for one more happy morning with dear Hayes and sister.

"You ask a line of myself—'a tale that is told.' But I am down town daily, try to be of some help to my son; to meet the years bravely.

"My never-dying regard to all the boys."

PERRY simply writes: "*Qui bene latuit,* etc." The Secretary therefore refrains from telling of the good work he is doing daily for our Boston Public Library. The late John Addington Symonds, you may remember, called Perry "the biggest *heluo librorum* in America." In his enforced absence from the Library during the summer it must give him some satisfaction to find "books in the running brooks" of Hancock, N. H.

SHAW writes: "Please excuse delay in answering your roll-call, as I have been quite ill. Wish I could report something of interest for the little book, but there seems to be nothing to say except *Adsum.*"

STODDARD writes from Plymouth, May 10th: "I was not very well in New York, and as I had nothing the matter bodily the doctor thought my native air would do me good. I have been here a week and feel rejuvenated. I am right on the ocean; the smell of the sea, the music of the frogs and the beating and roar of the surf is such a change from the noise and bustle of New York, that I seem to be born again.

"The last year has been quite an eventful one for me. Last summer I took the part of Governor John Carver in the Pilgrim Pageant. I acted and spoke for twelve times before ten thousand people each night and once before the President of the United States. I was in the Scrooby scene, was marched off to jail; was chosen Governor at Provincetown; landed at the head of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock; made the treaty with Massasoit, and reviewed with Standish, Brewster and Bradford the march of the nations in the finale. It was a wonderful experience and I would not have missed the chance to take part for a good deal.

"Last December my son, Francis R. Stoddard, Jr., Harvard, '99, and who is now a Colonel in the U. S. Reserve, was appointed by the Governor to the important post of Superintendent of Insurance for the State of New York.

"I have just been made a great-grandfather for the second time, as my granddaughter, Mrs. George P. Brett, Jr., of New York City, has presented me with another great-grandson.

"My wife and I celebrated this year the fifty-fourth anniversary of our marriage. I think this beats the record of any

classmate. I have been in New York City all winter, but have not seen a single classmate. I miss Hawes and Carpenter very much, whom I used to see frequently at the Harvard Club. The Harvard Club is full of young men and we old fellows look out of place. I shall be in Plymouth all summer. If any classmate comes that way, the latchstring is out for them. Best wishes to all and may there be many happy years yet to all my classmates."

May 18th he writes: "My wife, to whom I had been married over fifty-four years, passed away on May 18th, 1922. She left two children, seven grandchildren, and two great-grandsons."

STOREY writes: "You invite me to tell what has happened to me and mine during the last year that would interest my classmates. The record is brief.

"My second granddaughter, Katharine Storey, in whom Billy Ladd has a like interest, has become engaged to Theodore Lyman Storer, H. C. 1918 (19) to the great satisfaction of me and mine, and their wedding is fixed for June 1. Other than this the only changes in my family are such as are caused by time. My grandchildren have been steadily growing while I have slept, and every time I see them I marvel at their progress. My eldest grandson is in the Harvard crew, another at his school shines at football and baseball, and all my descendants in three generations are a delight to me.

"I myself have pursued the even tenor of my way, practising law in a quiet way, dabbling as a private citizen may in public affairs, and enjoying good health. I have been especially active in the fights against lynching, and against our course in Haiti and San Domingo. I can point to no great achievements, nor have I been accused of any crimes. I have noted with sorrow the loss of those who have fallen from our ranks, and feel more closely drawn to those who are left.

"I do not quite accept Browning's invitation,

> "'Grow old with me,
> The best is yet to come'

but rather lean towards Homerus Wilbur's view,

> "'Methinks it were easier to appreciate the disadvantages of youth than the advantages of age.'

And I go on adhering to the rules which I adopted a half century ago,

"'Don't cry over spilled milk' and
"'Don't borrow trouble'

with reasonable content."

UNDERWOOD writes: "The line which you asked me to write is this: I hope and expect to be with those who can come June 22; and the word is—'My heartiest greetings and best wishes to all my classmates.'

"If you had not limited us to a line and word I would have written you somewhat as follows:

"I am very happy to state that my health has steadily improved during the past twelve months, and that I have gained fifteen pounds in weight; that I sleep soundly throughout each night and until late each morning; that I am practically well and feel quite like my ante-sickness self; that I attend to all my business and household matters myself, go down town several times each week, and attend many daytime and evening exercises and entertainments; and that my friends declare that I am 'a new man' and that my improvement is simply miraculous."

He wishes the Class to know that Abercrombie's brother, Otis Putnam Abercrombie, graduated from Harvard in '58.

WARD sends greetings and writes: "I regret that absence from town up in Maine after June 12th will prevent me from joining in the programme you outline for Commencement Day."

WELLES writes from Paris: "I have just received your demand for news about me, and I hasten to answer. I have continued to reside here and I regret to say that I cannot be with you and all my classmates on June 22nd, for my health is far from good, but I beg you will remember me to all who make that day a happy one in their life."

WHEELER writes: "I hope to join the group at the Union Club soon after 10.15 on the morning of the 22nd. It is pleasant to think of meeting once more the little squad that is left of '66 in Hayes' charmingly hospitable home.

"As for my year's history, there is nothing worthy of record.

I sawed and split another cord of wood during the winter and have a cord ready for next winter.

"With love to you and all the rest."

OULLET (Wellet) writes: "Nothing changed since my last communication, only one year nearer the end. A molecule floating on the dividing line that separates two eternities, I calmly wait the result. I send my greetings to all my classmates."

WILLARD writes: "I am sorry to say that I cannot leave Newport to share in your rejuvenation days in June. The same reason prevents me from joining our dwindling youths of '68 at West Point. I cannot be beyond immediate call of my sister, who lives but a mile away. She has been ill all winter from organic disease of the heart. . . . Well, I hope for a beautiful day for June 22nd. Dry without, and moderately wet inside. Oh, I never got an A.B. or A.M. at H. U., but I have LL.B. from University of Schenectady, New York, 1874. Love to all the Boys."

THE MODERN PSALMIST

February 27, 1839 *February 27, 1922*

The Ancient Psalmist has a way
Of dampening one's every day
By telling him, with sighs and tears,
His span of life is seventy years,
And if he live beyond that span
He'd wish he hadn't, Every Man!
Thereby the Psalmist seems to me
The foe of man's longevity.

The Modern Psalmist finds a way
To glorify your every day.
He tells you to salute each morn
As if you were a child just born:
A new birthday with every sun,
And thus each day your life's begun.
With every day a day of birth,
You see you're living on the earth
In every month a score and ten
Of birthdays midst your fellow-men,
Who pat you on the back and say,
"You're growing younger every day,"
"And old Methuselah himself
Is put upon an upper shelf!"

And so you go from year to year
With joyous hope, without a fear,
Seeing each day a newborn sky
Without a moment's time to die.
Ever along, from youth to youth
For every day, in very truth,
Is still your youngest day on earth,
While yet the oldest from your birth.

At last your oldest-youngest day
Gives notice you must go away:—
A youth you pass the veilèd door
To endless youth forever more.
Elsewhere you greet the rising sun:
Elsewhere your life is just begun.

The Creeds are writ:—
Now you must say
Which is you creed
For every day.

HENRY M. ROGERS.

An 83rd Birthday Meditation.